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VOL. I. | PRINTED WEEKLY, BY AITKEN [illegible] WILLIAMSON. AUSTIN, APRIL [illegible], 1831. | NO. 10. | *Advert*[illegible] every [illegible] sertion [illegible]

POETRY.

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
My dirge is in thy moan;
My spirit finds response in thee,
[illegible] ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease!
Oh! let your hidden leaves be stirr'd,
And say, deep waters' can you give me peace

Away!—my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human breasts—and will the *wave* reply

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
Sound in thy scorn and pride!
I ask not, alien world! from *thee*,
What my own kindred earth hath still deni'd!

And yet I loved that earth so well,
With all its lovely things!
Was it for *this* the death-wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quench'd it's living strings?

Let them lie silent at my feet!
Since, broken even as they,
The heart, whose music made them sweet?
Hath pour'd on desert sands its wealth away?

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
The laurel wreath is mine—
With a worn heart, a weary frame,
O! restless Deep! I come to make them thine!

Give to that crown, that burning crown,
Place in thy darkest hold!
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold!

Thou sea-bird, on the billow's crest,
Thou hast thy love, thy home!
They wait thee in the quiet nest,
And I—unsought, unwatch'd for—I too come!

I, with this winged nature fraught,
These visions, brightly free,
This boundless love, this fiery thought—
Alone, I come! O! give me peace, dark sea!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HAUNTED HOGSHEAD; A YANKEE LEGEND.

—You don't live in Boston, then, do you? No; I calculate you are from the old country, though you speak English almost as well as I do. Now, I'm a Kentucky man, and my father was to Big-bone Creek, in old Kentuck, where he could lather every man in the state; but I could lick my father. Well, when I first came to Boston, I guess, I was a spry *active* young fellow, and cruel tall for my age; for it's a petty considerable long time ago, I calculate. So first I goes to look out for Uncle Ben—you've heard him and his brown *mar*, I reckon—and I finds Uncle Ben at Major Hickory's Universal Trans-atlantic Hotel, by Charles Bay, in East Boston, taking a grain of mighty fine elegant sangaree, with Judge Dodge and President Pickney the Rowdey, that built the powerful large log mansion-house in Dog's Misery in the salt marshes out beyond Corlear's Hook, in New-York. I was always a *leetle* bit of a favorite with Uncle Ben, and so he says to me,—'Jonathan W.' says he—for he calls me Jonathan W, for short—'I'll tell what it is,' says Uncle Ben; 'you come out mighty bright this morning, I motion that you take a drop of whiskey-toddy or so.' 'Oh yes, Uncle Ben,' says I; I should admire to have a grain, if it's hand*som*.' 'Considerably superb,' says he: 'its of the first grade, I guess; for Major Hickory keeps wonderfully lovely liquors; and I can tell you a genuine good story about them, and such as I guess, you never heard before, since you was raised.' And then he up and told such a tale, that the helps all crowded round him to hear it, and swore it was better than a sermon—so it was. And as you're a *straanger* from the old country, and seem a right-slick-away sort of a chap without a bit of the gentleman about you, and are so mighty inquisitive after odd stories, why I don't mind telling it to the 'Squire myself; and you may depend upon it that it's true and genuine as if you had heard it from Uncle Ben himself, or July White, his old wooly-headed nigger. You must know, then, that the Universal Translantic Hotel was built [illegible] awful long time before I was raised [illegible]ugh my Uncle Ben remembered a power-[illegible] grand wood house that stood there before [illegible] which was called the Independent Star [illegible] Columbia, kept by Jacobus Van Soak, [illegible] no came to Boston from the old, ancient, veteran Dutch settlers of New-York.

It was sometime after fall in the year '77, that a mighty fierce squall of [illegible] blew down some of the wall of the house where the cellar was, quite to the very foundation. I reckon that the old host was a *leetle* bit madded at this—he was; though he bit in his breath, and thought to drive in some new stakes, put up fresh clap-boards, and soon have it all slick and grand again; but in so doing, as he was taking out the piles underneath the house, what does he find but an awful great big barrel, and a cruel [illegible] one it was, and smelled like if it was a hogshead of astonishingly mighty fine old ancient rum. I'll lay you'll never guess how they got it out of the cellar, where they found it—because they never moved it at all I calculate; though some of the helps and neighbors pulled and tugged it like *natur!* But the more they worked, the more the barrel would'nt move; and my Uncle Ben said that mighty *straange* sounds came out of it, just as if it did'nt like to be disturbed and brought into light; and that it swore at the helps [illegible] nigger [illegible] man and High Dutch.

At last old Van Soak began to be a *leetle* bit *afeard*, and was for covering it up again where he found it, till my Uncle Ben vowed it should'nt be buried without his having a drop out of it, for he was a bold active man, that cared for nothing, and loved a grain of rum, or sangaree, or whiskey-toddy, or crank, or any other *fogmatic*, to his heart, so he did. So down in the cellar he sets himself, and drives a spigot into the barrel, and draws him a glass of such mighty fine elegant rum, as was never before seen in all Boston. 'Hand*som!* considerably hand*som!* mighty smart rum, I guess,' says my Uncle Ben, as he turned it down; 'mild as mother's milk, and bright as a flash of lightning! By the pipe of St. Nicholas, I must have another grain!' So he filled him another glass, and then Jacobus plucked up heart and he took a grain or two, and the helps and bystanders did the same, and they all swore it was superbly astonishing rum, and as [illegible] as the *Kaat*skill mountains, or the days of old [illegible] Van Twiller, the Dutch Governor of New York. Well, I calculate that they might at last be a *leetle* bit staggered, for the rum ran down like water, and they drank about; thinking you see, that all the strength was gone: and as they were in a dark cellar, they never knew that the day was progressing powerfully fast towards night; for now the barrel was quiet again, and they began to be mighty merry together. But the night came on cruel smart and dark, I reckon, with a pretty terrible loud storm; and so they all thought it best to keep under shelter, and especially where such good stuff was to be had, free, gratis, for nothing, into the bargain. Nobody knows now what time it was, when they heard a mighty fierce knocking on the top of the barrel, and presently a hoarse voice from the inside cried out, 'Ye ho, there, brothers! open the hatchway, and let me out!' which made them all start, I calculate, and sent Van Soak reeling into a dark corner of the cellar, considerably out of his wits with fright and stout old rum. 'Don't open the hogshead cried the helps and neighbors, in mighty great fear; it's the devil!' 'Potsausand!' says my Uncle Ben—for you must know that he's a roistering High German; 'you're a cowardly crew,' says he, 'that's good liquor's thrown away upon.' 'Thunder and storm!' called out the voice again from the barrel, 'why the henker [illegible] you unship the hatches? Am I to stay [illegible] these hundred years?' 'Stille! mein [illegible]!' says my Uncle Ben, says he, without being in the least bit *afeard*, only a *leetle* madded and wondered he was, 'behave yourself, [illegible], and don't be in such a pretty considerable hurry. I'll tell you what it is, [illegible] you come out, I should like to make [illegible] *quiray* of you; Who are you? where [illegible] you raised? how have you got along [illegible] world? and when did you come here? [illegible] all this speedily or I shall decline [illegible] letting you out, I calculate.' 'Open [illegible] [hogs]head, brother!' said the man in the [illegible] says he 'and you shall know all, and a pretty considerable sight more; and I'll tak[e] [illegible] ty good care of you forever, because [you']re an awful smart, a right slick away [illegible] fellow, and not like the cowardly la[ndlubb]ers that have been sucking away my rum with you. 'Hole mich der Teuful!' [sai]d my Uncle Ben, 'but this is a real [illegible] Yankee spark, a [tar]nation stout [illegible] [k]rows what [illegible] man should be; and [illegible] by the He[illegible], I'll let him [illegible] once.' So, [illegible] Uncle Ben made no more ado but broke in the head of the barrel; and what with the storm out of doors and the laughing and swearing in the [illegible] a mighty elegant noise there was while [he] did it, I promise you; but at last there came up out of the hogshead a short, thick set, truculent, sailor-looking fellow, dressed in the old ancient way, with dirty slops, tarnished gold-laced hat, and blue, stiff skirted coat, fastened up to his throat, with a mighty sight of brass buttons, Spanish steel pistols in a buffalo belt, and swingeing cutlass by his side. He looked one of the genuine privateer, bull-dog breed, and his broad swelled face, where it was not red with rage, or the good rum, was black or purple; marked, I reckon, with a pretty considerable many scars, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head. If the helps and neighbors were *afeard* before, they were [now] astounded outright, I calculate; and [illegible] when the *straange* sailor got out [illegible] him with a fist as hard and as big as a twelve pounder cannon shot crying out like a bull-frog in a swamp.—Now I shall clear out! A plague upon ye all for a crew of cowardly, canting, lubberly knaves! I might have been sucked dry, and staid in the barrel forever; if your comrade had borne no stouter a heart than you did.' Well, I guess that by knocking down the helps, and the neighbors he soon made a clear ship; and then striding up to my Uncle Ben, who warn't not all *afeard* but was laughing at the fun, he says to him, says he, 'As for you, brother, you're a man after my own kidney, so give us your fin, and we'll be sworn friends, I warrant me.' But as soon as he held out his hand, Uncle Ben thought he saw in it the mark of a red horse-shoe, like a brand upon a nigger, which some do say was the very stamp that the devil put upon Captain Kidd, when they shook hands after burying his treasure at Boston, before he was hanged. 'Hagel!' says my Uncle Ben, say he, '[illegible] that in your right hand my friend?' 'What's that to you?' says the old sailor, '[t]wo mariners get many a broad and deep scar, without talking about, or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold, and broad pieces along with them, and that's a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate.' Then says my Uncle Ben again, says he, 'may I make an *enquieray* of you? Where were you *raised?* and who's your *Boss?*' 'Oh!' says the sailor, 'I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all along shore there as the nigger said; and for the captain I belong to, why he's the chief of all fierce and daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began.'—'And, pray, where's your *plunder?* says my Uncle Ben to the *straange* sailor, and how long have you been in that hogshead?'—'Over long I can tell you, brother; I thought I was never going to come out, I *calculate.* As for my plunder, I *reckon* I don't shew every body my locker; but you're a bold fellow enough, and only give me your paw to close the bargain, and I'll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I've a stout ship, and comrads ready for sea, and there's plunder every where for the lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the squeamish Lord Bellamont does watch them so closely.' 'Lord who?' says Uncle Ben, a *leetle* bit madded and wondered. 'Why Lord Bellamont, to be sure,' answered the *straange* sailor, 'the English Governor of New-England, admira[l] [illegible] King William the Thi[rd] [illegible] and admiral in your teeth!' says my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there warn't no daunting him then; 'what have we to do with the old country, your kings, or your governors? this is the free city of Boston, in the independent United States of America, and the second year of liberty, seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the Third, I guess *he* was dead long before I was raised, and I'm no cokerell. I'll tell you what it is, now my smart fellow, you['ve] got pretty considerably drunk in that rum cask, if you've been there ever since them old ancient days; and to speak my mi[nd], [vill]ain, you're either the devil or Captain Kidd. But I'd l[et] you t[o] know, I'm not to be scared by a face [of] clay, if you were both; for I'm an old Kentucky Rowdy, of Town-Fork by the Elk-Horn; my breed's half a horse and half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can't poke your fun at me, I calculate; and so, here goes upon you for a villain, any way!' My Uncle Ben's pluck was now all up; for pretty considerably madded he was, and could bite his breath no longer, so he flew upon the *straange* sailor, and walked into him like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry bush, like a mighty, smart, active man as he was. Hold of his collar, laid my Uncle Ben, and I reckon they did stoutly struggle together for a *tarnation* long time, till at last the mariner's coat gave way, and showed that about his neck there was a halter, as if he had only been fresh cut down from the gibbet! Then my Uncle Ben *did* start back a pace or two, when the other let fly at him with a pretty considerable hard blow, and so laid him right slick sprawling upon the ground. Uncle Ben said he never could guess how long they all laid there; but when they came to, they found themselves all stretched out like dead men by the niggers of the house, with [the] staved rum cask standing beside them. But now—mark you this well—on one of the boards of the barrel [illegible] which was agreed by all to stand for William Kidd the pirate. And old July White, Uncle Ben's woolly-headed old nigger, said that he was once a loblolly boy on board that very ship, when she was a pickarooning privateer. Her crew told him that she sailed from the old country the very same year marked on the cask, when Kidd was hanged at Execution Dock, and that they brought his body over to be near the treasure he had buried, and as every one knows that Kidd was tied up twice, why, perhaps, he never died at all, but was kept alive in that mighty elegant rum cask, till my Uncle Ben, let him out again, to walk about New York and Boston, round Charles Bay and Cape Cod, the Old Sow and Pigs, Hellegat, and the Hen and Chickens. There was a *fat* little Dutch parson who used to think that this story was only a smart fable, because nobody could remember seeing the pirate besides Uncle Ben; and he would sometimes say, too, that they were all knocked down by the rum, and not by the captain, though he never told Uncle Ben so, I calculate, for he always stuck to it handsomely, and wouldn't bate a word of it for nobody. When Uncle Ben had finished, he says,—Jonathan W,' says he, 'I'll tell you what it is, I'll take it as a genuine favor if you'll pay Major Hickory for the sangaree and the toddy, and we'll be quits another day.' And so I paid for it every cent, but would you believe it? though I have asked him for it a matter of twenty times, and more than that, Uncle Ben never gave me back the trifle that he borrowed of me, from that day to this.' "—*Forget Me Not.*

Quality of Heads.—When Yates was Governor of N. York, a gentleman was discussing with a Dutchman the comparative merits of De Witt Clinton and the reigning Governor. The Dutchman was in favor of Yates, while *his antagonist* supported Clinton. In the course of the debate, the advocate of Clinton, in speaking of his talents, said he had a very *long head.* "All dat may be ferry drue," replied the Dutchman—"put I'm zhure if Cuffernor Glinton has got a longer head as Cuffernor Yates, 'tis not near *so tick*,"

"Why the devil do you bate your wife so, Paddy?" said an Irishman, the other day, to a fellow countryman. "Sure you ought to mind father Murphy's text last Sunday—'the marciful man is marciful to his baste.'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

MANIFESTO OF THE POLISH NATION

(*Concluded.*)

Calumny and espionnage were carried into the secret circles of private families—and the freedom of private life infected with their poison, the ancient hospitality of the Poles became a snare for their innocence. Individual liberty, which had been solemnly guaranteed, was violated, and the prisons of the state became crowded; councils of war were ordered to pronounce in civil cases; and citizens whose only fault was a wish to save the spirit and character of the nation from corruption, were subjected to infamous punishments. It was in vain that some of the authorities of the kingdom, and the representatives of the people, laid before the King a faithful picture of the the abuses committed in his name—for not only were the abuses suffered to remain unsuppressed, but the responsibility of the ministers and the administrative authorities were paralysed by the interferance of the brother of the Emperor, and by the exercise of that discretionary power with which he was invested. This monstrous authority, the source of the greatest abuses, and which might wound the personal dignity of every individual, had become so infatuated, that it even dared to call before it citizens of every rank and condition, merely to load them with insults, and at times to subject them to disgraceful public labours, resereved for the vilest convicts; as if Providence, by permitting them to carry their outrages against the people to the utmost pitch, has destined their inordinate abuses of authority to the exciting cause of our insurrection.

After so many affronts, after so manifest a violation of the guarantees sworn—a violation which no legitimate government in any civilized country would have allowed itself with impunity, and which, *a fortiori*, may justify our insurrection against an authority imposed by force—who will not consider that this authority has broken off all alliance with the nation, that it has oppressed it beneath the yoke of slavery, that it has given the right at every instant to burst its fetters and forge them into arms?

The picture of the disasters of our brethren may be superfluous, but truth forbids us to pass it over. The provinces formerly incorporated with Russia have not been reunited to the Kingdom. Our brethren have not been admitted to the enjoyment of the liberal institutions stipulated by the Congress of Vienna; on the contrary the national recollections awakened in them, first by promises and encouragement, and then by a long expectation, became a crime against the state, and the King of Poland caused to prosecuted, in the ancient provinces of that State, such Poles as had dared to call themselves Poles. The youth of the schools were particularly the objects of persecution; young children were torn from their mothers' breasts; the issue of the first families were transported to Siberia, or were forced to enter into the ranks of a corruot soldiery. In official documents and judicial examinations, the Polish language was suppressed; the Polish tribunals and civil law were annihilated by ukases; abuses of administration reduced the landed proprietors to misery; and since the accession of Nicholas to the throne, this state of things had constantly been growing worse. Religious intolerance itself employed every means to consolidate the united Greek ritual upon the ruins of Catholic ritual.

In the kingdom, although none of the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution were observed, these liberties, suppressed *de facto*, nevertheless continued to exist *de jure*. It was precisely this existence *de jure* it was necessary to undermine. We then saw that additional article to the Constitution appear, which setting forth a specious solicitude for the maintenance of the charter, destroyed one of its principal provisions by depriving the Chambers of the publicity of their proceedings and the support of public opinion, and which, above all, was to consecrate the principle that it was allowed to cut up at will the fundamental compact, thereby entirely to abolish the charter, as one of its articles had been abolished. It was under these auspices that the Diet of 1825 was convoked, from which it was sought by all manner of means, to discard the most intrepid defenders of our liberties; a Nuncio, who had just taken part in the deliberations, was carried off by main force, surrounded by gensdarmes, and held captive for five years, till the moment the revolution broke out. Deprived of its force, shut up, threatened with the loss of the charter, and misled by fresh promises of the ancient provinces being re-united to the kingdom, the Diet of 1725 followed the example of that of 1818; but these promises remained without effect, and the petitions which prayed for the restoration of our liberties were rejected.

The general indignation of the well disposed inhabitants, and the exasperation of the whole nation, had long been bringing on the storm, the approach of which began to appear, when the death of Alexander, the accession of Nicholas to the throne, and the oath he took to maintain the Constitution, seemed to promise us a cessation of abuses and the return of our liberties. This hope soon vanished; for not only did things continue as they were, but the resolution at St. Petersburgh even served as a pretext to imprison and bring to trial the most distinguished individuals of the Senate, the Chamber of Nuncios, the army, and the citizens. In a short time the prisons of the capital were filled. Every day fresh buildings were appropriated to receive thousands of victims sent to Warsaw from every part of Old Poland, and even from parts subject to foreign governments. Upon the native soil of Liberty were introduced tortures which cause humanity to shudder. Death and suicide constantly diminished the number of the unfortunate victims, who were sometimes left forgotten in small and damp dungeons. In contempt of every law, a special committee of inquiry was instituted, composed of Russians and Poles, most of them military men, who, by protracted tortures, by promises of pardon and insidious questions, only sought to extort from the accused the confession of an imaginary crime. It was only after an imprisonment of one year and a half that the High National Court was established, for, in spite of every law, imprisonments had been criminally prolonged to a degree that several victims had died in prison, it became absolutely necessary to render this measure legal. The conscience of the Senate disappointed this expectation, and the accused, who had been groaning in prison for two years, were acquitted of any crime against the State.—This decision, from that period, removed all distinctions between the accused and their judges. The former, notwithstanding the sentence which proclaimed their innocence instead of being set at liberty, were conveyed to St. Petersburgh, where they were imprisoned in forts, and up to this moment several have not been restored to their families. The latter were detained for nearly a year at Warsaw, for having shown themselves independent Judges. The publication and execution of the sentence was stopped. It was submitted to the examination of the administrative authorities and when, at length, out of some regard for Europe, it was found necessary to publish it, a minister carried his audacity so far as to degrade the national majesty, by repremanding, in the name of the Sovereign, the highest Magistracy of the State, in the exercise of their most exalted functions.

It was after such acts that the Emperor Nicholas resolved to be crowned King of Poland. The representatives of the nation being summoned, were silent witnesses of this ceremony, and the new oaths were soon violated again, for no abuse was suppressed, not even the discretionary power. Even on the day of the coronation the Senate was filled with new members, who did not possess the qualifications required by the Constitution, the only guarantee of the independence of their votes. An illegal loan, and the alienation of national domains, were intended to render moveable and disposable the immence landed property of the State. But Providence dissipated the large sums proceeding from the partial execution of this plan should not be squandered away, but be used in arming the nation.

In short, the last consolation which, under the reign of Alexander enabled the Poles to support their misfortunes—namely, the hope of seeing themselves reunited to their brethren was taken from them by the Emperor Nicholas. From that moment all ties were broken. The sacred fire which had long been prohibited from being kindled upon the altars of the country, was secretly burning in the hearts of all well disposed men. One thought only was common to them—namely, that they should no longer endure such slavery. But the Government itself hastened the moment of explosion. In consequence of reports, daily corroberated, of a war against the liberty of nations, order were given to put upon the war establishment the Polish army destined to march; and, in its place, the Russian armies were to occupy the country.—Considerable sums, proceding from the loan and the sale of the national domains deposited at the bank, were to cover the expenses of this deadly war against liberty. Arrests gain took place; every moment was precious. Our army—our treasure—our national honor—averse to rivet chains upon the necks of other nations, and to fight against liberty and our former companions in arms, were at stake. Every one shared this feeling; but the heart of the nation—the focus of enthusiasm, the youth of the army and of the colleges, as well as a great part of the garrison at Warsaw, and of the citizens impressed with this sentiment, resolved to give the signal for the insurrection. An electric spark in a moment inflamed the army, the capital, and the whole country. The night of Nov. 29 was illuminated by the fire of liberty. In one day the capital was delivered; in a few days all the divisions of the army were united by the same sentiment, the fortresses occupied, the natives armed, the brother of the Emperor, with the Russian troops, relying upon the generosity of the Poles, and owing his safety to this step alone. Such were the acts of this heroic noble revolution, which is as pure as the enthusiasm of the youth whose offspring it is.

The Polish nation have risen from their abasement and degradation, with the firm resolution no longer to bend beneath the iron yoke which has just been broken, and not to lay down the arms of their ancestors until they have regained their independence and power, the only guarantee of their liberties; until after having secured the enjoyment of these liberties, which they claim upon a two-fold right—namely, as the honorable heritage of their forefathers, and as the urgent want of the age: and finally, until after being reunited to their brethern, subject to the yoke of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh, and having delivered them, they shall have made them sharers of their liberties and independence. We have have not been influenced by any national hatred against the Russians, with whom we have a common origin; on the contrary, at the first moment we felt pleasure, on the loss of our independence, in thinking that, although our re-union under the same sceptre, was injurious to our interests, yet it might cause a population 40,000,000 to partake of the enjoyment of constitutional liberties, which, in the whole civilized world had become equally necessary both to nations and sovereigns.

Convinced that our liberty and independence, far from having been hostile to the neighboring states, have, on the contrary, served at all times as an equilibrium and a shield to Europe, and may now become more useful than ever, we appear in the presence of sovereigns and nations, with the assurance that the voice of policy and humanity will be equally heard in our favour.

If even in this struggle, the dangers of which we do not conceal from ourselves, we were to fight alone for the interests of all, full of confidence in the sanctity of our cause—in our own valour, and in the assistance of the Almighty, we will fight till our last gasp for liberty; and if Providence have destined this land to perpetual slavery; if in this last struggle the freedom of Poland is to fall beneath the ruins of its towns, and the bodies of its defenders, our enemies shall only reign over deserts, and every good Pole, when dying, will carry with him the consolation, that if Heaven has not permitted him to save his own liberty and his own country, he has, at least, by this deadly combat, placed the liberties of threatened Europe under shelter for a moment.

The document is signed in the following manner:

[The drawers up of the Manifesto.]

(Signed) Prazinowski, bishop of Plock; Miazynski, palatine senator; Potocki, castellan senator; W. Zurierchowski, deputy of Warsaw; C. Malachowski, nuncio of the district of Szydlouree; Swidzinski (Constantine, nuncio of Opoczno; Biernacki (Aluis), nuncio of the district of Wtelun; Lelewel (Joachim), nuncio of the distrsct of Welechow; Malachowski, castellan senator.

The committee of the Diet charged with giving its opinion as to the drawing up of the Manifesto.

(Signed) Prince Adam Czartoryspi, palatine senator; Prince Michel Radziwill, palatine senator; Kochanowski, castellan senator; Gliszczynski, castellan senator; Wodzinski, castellan senator; L. Pac, castellan senator; the Count Ladislas Ostrowski, marshal of the Diet; Count Jean Lepochowski, nuncio of the palatine of Cracow; Francois Soltyk, nuncio of the Palatinate of Sodomir; Morawski, (Theophilvs), nuncio of Kulisz; Swirski (Joseph), nuncio of the district of Hrubieszoco; Ignatus Dembowski, nuncio of Plock; Count Jezierski; Ignatus Wezyk deputy of Loscice; J. Wisniewski.

Correct copy. The Marshal of the Diet,
Signed Count OSTROWSKI.
The Sec. of the Chamber of the Nuncios.
Signed XAVIER CZARNOCKI.
Deputy of the district of Slanislawow.

The Dictator of Poland, says the Paris National, is a singular man; he takes pleasure in reading the papers left by the Russian Governor, and having discovered among them a list of spies hired by Russia, to compromise real patriots and the most honorable families of Poland, he orders it to be printed!

We are more prudent in France. We are unwilling to compromise the spies:—such is our respect for *les existences*.

Russia.—Accounts have been received from the Russian capital to the 9th of January, which communicate the news of the breaking out of the cholera morbus in that city. Ten temporary hospitals had been established with one hundred and fifty beds, but it was stated that 780 cases of cholera had existed. The Board of Commerce had taken precautionary measures to prevent the increase of the disease by contagion, through the means of merchandise. The advices from Moscow are to the 2d instant. On the 31st of December, there were eleven new cases of cholera, and on the 1st of January 82 persons were ill, of whom 44 were expected to recover. Since the commencement of the disease 6,305 persons had been attacked, and the deaths had been 3,533.

Turkey.—Extract of a letter from Leghorn, dated Jan. 6:—"We learn from Constantinople, that on the 17th of December the intelligence of the Polish revolution reached Pera, and produced a powerful sensation.—The Grand Seignior, on being informed of it by the Reis Effendi, expressed great joy. It is asserted at Peru that the Divan will take advantage of this commotion to ask for a fresh delay for the payment of the remainder of the indemnity. In the Asiatic provinces, levies of troops are already making; and there is every reason to believe that the Porte will not long remain inactive. Letters from Greece state, that in several Islands of the Archipelago the inhabitants are overjoyed at the events in France. Count Capo d'Istrias has received from several rich Greeks donations for the victims of the glorious revolution in July.

Portugal.—Rumours of the sickness and death of Don Miguel are renewed. It is uncertain whether they are entitled to any degree of consideration. Gallignani's Messenger says:—A letter of the 31st ult., from Lisbon, announces that Don Miguel was suffering under violent convulsions, accompanied by vomiting. Effects were made to conceal from the public these facts, which are attributed to poison.

The Messager des Chambers of January 20th, says,—"It appears certain that letters and despatches have arrived at Paris announcing the death of Don Miguel by poison. This news has been confirmed to us to-day from a good source. We wait for the details of this event, the importance of which will render the political affairs of the South of Europe as complicated as those of the North are already."

The London Times of Jan. 22d remarks, in relotion to these reports, that no account of the Death of Don Miguel had been received by the British Government, or at either of the Embassies.

Lisbon, Dec. 31st. [Private Correspondence.]—Mr Mackenzie, the English Consul, having received his recall and orders to declare to Don Miguel's Government that all the communications made under the Duke of Wellington's Ministry are null and void, was upon the point of setting out for France by way of Spain. The news of the loan at London in favour of Donna Maria having transpired, many *Miguelites had gone over to the* ranks of the Constitutionalists.

Royalty in 1830.—This has been an ominous year for Princes. Three have died—the Kings of England, and of Naples, and the Pope of Rome. Three have been driven from their dominions—the Kings of France and Saxony, and the Duke of Brunswick.—Queen Donna Maria has been refused admittance into her kingdom, and the King of Holland has lost half of his; while two thrones, Belgium and Greece, are going a begging.

Prussia, Jan. 14.—According to creditable accounts, Gen. Chiopicki has revoked all the ordinances which tend to a separation of Poland. Hopes are still entertained that every thing will be settled amicably. A conviction gained ground that the insurrection proceeded from the great Nobles, and has not yet awakened great zeal among the peasantry. This opinion is confirmed by the ill success of the arming of the peasantry in many parts of the kingdom. It is a fact, that the bastinado is ordered for those who hisitate to obey the call to arms. Some doubts may be entertained respecting the patriotism which requires such means to arouse it. The fear of compulsory measures has already caused numerous emigrations to our Polish and Prussian frontier provinces.

The Begal Hurkaru states that letters have been received in Calcutta, mentioning a remarkeble discovery of *Greek* antiquities in the Punjab; they consist of medals of Copper, Gold and Silver; rings and boxes containing liquids. The place where they were found is supposed to have been the site of some of the Cities founded by Alexander or Seleucus. in the dominions of Taxilos.

MEXICAN CITIZEN.

VILLA DE AUSTIN.

THURSDAY,::::::::APRIL, 21st, 1831.

With much satisfaction we present to our readers of to-day, an extract from the memorial of his Excellency Don Lucas Alaman, Minister of Interior and Exterior Relation, relative to the enterprise of Colonization by foreigners, within the territories of the Mexican Republic.

By reference to this able and important state paper, it will be seen, that attempts at colonial establishments to any notable extent, have been principally confined two states, viz: Vera Cruz and Coahuila and Texas. Under the patronage of the laws of the former, but little of a permanent character as yet seems to have been done.

In our own state, in the language of Mr. Alaman, they "have augmented rapidly, and but for the abuses committed by some faithless individuals in the capacity of Empresarios, the fairest portion of this still wilderness country might have been reclaimed from the haunts of the ruthless savage and barbarian that daily infest the farmer on the frontier, by stealing and killing those domestic animals so necessarry for farming purposes, and who murder indiscriminately, the trading colonist and Mexican merchant, by ambuscading the usual channels of intercourse. It is well observed by Mr Alaman, that a restraint upon the abuses committed by Empresarios residing without the Republic, who were selling lands that had been granted them in the Department of Texas, "contrary to the spirit and object," (and he might have added) the express letter of the law of Colonization, seemed necessary.—Because the finest portion of our territory being contracted to these speculators, (for we can call them nothing else,) they immediately betook themselves to the country from whence they came, and concealing from the world the nature of their contracts with the Government, they commenced issuing "Script," which calls for a specific quantity of land somewhere in the Department, and which does not at all correspond with the quantity allowed those individuals, by the laws of Colonization, if they introduce and report themselves agreeable to its provisions. The restraining measures resorted to, or adopted by the Government, as alluded to by Mr Alaman, we understand to be the provisions of the law of the 6th of April, which suspends for the present, all contracts of Colonization, and if a further provision had been incorporated into that law, *forfeiting and making void the* contracts of all those, who residing without the Republic, have sold lands, it would have fully comported with our views of individual and national justice. We cannot say, with certainty, what number of individual foreigners this state has contracted with as Empresarios, for the introduction and settlement of families in her territories; but we can assert with much confidence, that setting aside the faithful exertions of Col's. S. F. Austin, B. R. Milam and G. De Witt, the Government can promise itself but little benefit from others. True it is, that upon the liberal terms of the Colonization law, many valuable citizens have entered the country and settled themselves, in conformity with its provisions, without the intervention or aid of either of those gentlemen, but they have been embraced in the contracts of some Empresario, or have reported themselves immediately to the Government, through the Chief of Department, as is the case with those inhabitants residing east of the San Jacinto river, including the settlements on Trinity and Sabine.

Through the politeness of S. M. Williams, Esq. we are enabled to present our readers with a translation of an Extract from the memorial of His Excellency the Minister of Interior and Exterior relations to the Mexican National Congress of January last.

THUS far I have spoken of the gradual *augmentation of* the population, by the difference between the number of births and deaths, and it now remains for me to speak of that which proceeds from Colonization. Two are the points which in this particular call attention, one that part of the state of Vera Cruz, bordering on the river Goazacoalco; the other, Texas in the state of Coahuila and Texas.

The Legislature of Vera Cruz granted under certain conditions the lands which border on the Goazacoalco, to an enterprise on colonization formed in France, and several expeditions, with colonists, in consequence of this have arrived, but unfortunately the result has not conformed to the *hopes* and expectations entertained; whether it be that the colonists were discouraged at the sight of the difficulties they *would* have to surmount in order to make tillable a country entirely covered with heavy timber, or whether the Empresarios did not take all the necessary measures for the settlement of the Colonists, or whether it be the fact that any other of the causes may have existed to which has been attributed the failure of these expeditions, the fact is that those who composed them have dispersed, without fixing themselves in the country which they came to settle; some by returning to the country from whence they came, and others removing to other neighbouring states, in which greater advantages were presented. One of *the motives of complaint* and dissatisfaction has been the expectation that the effects which they brought for the formation of the Colony, would be free of duty, in the introduction agreeably to the proposition made by the Legislature of Vera Cruz, and as this privilege had not been decreed, they found themselves with said goods detained in the Custom house: it would be very desirable that Congress would be pleased to take into consideration the said proposition. The Colonization of Goazacoalca is so peculiarly important, and contains in it so important commercial ideas and general policy that it merits special protection, and the more so, as the first expedition having proven unfortunate, will cause doubts to become general, and it will not be easy to bring new colonists to a country, that notwithstanding all, abounds in every natural advantage.

The Colonies of Texas have augmented rapidly, by the report of the Governor of the State of Coahuila and Texas, presented to the Legislature of the same state January last year, the number of foreign families contracted for up to that date amounted to [illegible] thousand three hundred and ninety-one.—Besides those contracted for, the introduction has been great of others, that without any contract whatever, or even without the knowledge of the authorities have been establishing themselves, agreeably to their own will on the frontiers and coast. Some of the towns formed as that of the town of Austin in the Colony of that name are becoming important, in which are experienced many inconveniences for the want of an adequate legislation, from which cause many adopt by custom the laws of the country from whence the colonists originate. There is an abuse which has been observed to be pretty general and which it is necessary to restrain, relative to concessions for colonization made to various persons, who are called Empresarios, who do nothing but sell at a low price their concessions, in this manner contrary to the spirit and object of the Law of Colonization, the Department of Texas is by retail sold out to Empresarios who reside out of the republic. This Legislation of Colonization requires an attentive revisal. The establishment of Mexican families in the department of Texas, is not up to this time as could be desired, and the little benefit produced by the invitation made to those states, which, on account of their population could furnish most colonists, creates a fear that it will not be easy to obtain the objects proposed by the Law of 6th April last. In the territories of New Mexico and the Californies nothing has advanced in this branch worthy of consideration.

The Largest Cargo.—The Ship Washington, 714 tons cleared at N York on the 2d ult. for Liverpool with the largest cargo, and the largest freight list of any vessel which has left this port for Europe since the war. The particulars are as follows:

19,318 bushels Indian Corn,
1,016 hhds. Flax Seed,
2,400 bbls. Flour,
714 do. Turpentine,
564 bales Cotton.

Freight list £2,304 14s 6d at 6 per cent. premium of exchange, $10,846 93.

Jour. of Commerce.

The Boston Patriot states that $90,000 have been subscribed for the Boston and Worcester Rail Road. The books were still open for further subscriptions.

The Banks in New Bedford have determined to take nine-penny pieces at eleven cents, and four pence half penny pieces at five cents.

The House of Delegates of Maryland have rejected the bill from the Senate, proposing to abolish imprisonment for Debt, for sums less than thirty dollars, by a very close vote.

Fire.—On Friday night the 4th ult. the Cotton Gin of John W. Jones, was consumed by fire. We understand there were about fifty thousand pounds of seed cotton burnt. *Columbia (Ten.) Mercury.*

Potomac Bridge carried away.—We regret to have to state that a part of the long wooden Bridge across the Potomac, (from Washinton to Alexandria) was yesterday carried away by the first movement of the ice, when started by the joint operation of the thaw and the floods coming down the river from above. The mail from the south had not crossed more than ten minutes, at daylight yesterday, *before* that part of the bridge west of the western draw, with the two wharfs of the draw, were carried away. In another place, near the centre of the bridge the piles and timber have so far given way as to leave no doubt of their being swept off when the ice breaks seriously up and begins to run. The loss of the use of the bridge for so many months as it will take to repair it (if it be ever repaired) will be a great privation and inconvenienc to the public, not to speak of the severe loss to the stockholders, who have never yet realized legal interest on their capital. *Nat. Int.*

Gold and Silver Coins.—Mr [illegible] of New York, from the Select Committee on Coins, made two very interesting reports, of each of which 3000 additional copies were ordered to be printed. The first relates to the value of gold and silver, which the committee propose to establish at 15 of gold to 15,625 of silver. The question of a *single* or *double* standard of value, is discussed, and the committee have arrived at the conclusion, that there can be but *one* standard of value and measure of contracts; and that should be, in our country, silver.

The second report recommends that certain foreign silver coins shall be made a legal tender in the payment of all debts and demands above the amount of one hundred dollars, *by weight*, when containing not less than 10 oz. 15 dws. 12 grs. pure silver in the troy pound of standard silver at 116 1-10 cents per ounce.

By this means the merchants will receive the full value of the coin imported, the Mint relieved from an oppressive duty, and the circulation of our national coin be eventually secured, to the exclusion of all foreign silver coins.—*Nat Intel.*

The honorable Peleg Sprague, at present an able and distinguished Senator in Congress from the State of Maine, has been put in nomination by the National Republicans as their candidate for Governor of that State at the election in September next. We should regret the retirement of Mr Sprague from our National Councils. He would leave none behind him of superior worth and elevated moral patriotism.—*N. Y. Jour. Com*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR VERA CRUZ.—The Mexican sloop GENERAL TERAN, George B. M'Kinstry Master, having the principal part of her cargo engaged, will have immediate despatch, for freight or passage, apply to the Captain, on board.

Brazoria, April 18, 1831. 10-2

FOR SALE.—One Third of a League of Land, situated on Linval's Bayou, bordering on the river San Bernardo, about 20 miles from the sea coast, and about half way between the towns of Matagorda and Brazoria. Said land is of excellent quality, well timbered and contiguous to inland navigation; it is known as being part of league No. 36. For terms enquire of Mr James Norton, at Matagorda, or of M. M. BATTLE.

Stafford's Settlement, April 9, 1831. 10-3

NOTICE.—My suit brought against H. H. League, for one undivided fourth of the Matagorda Town Tract, has been compromised and finally settled, by a conveyance to me of one eighth part of said league, as will appear by deed of sale on record; and I further state that I ratify the sale of lots made on the 4th day of April inst.

S. RHOADS FISHER.

Villa de Austin, April 15, 1831. 10-2

THE undersigned has just received numerous consignments, which in addition to his former stock, makes a large and extensive assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Cutlery, Ready made Clothing, Shoes, Groceries, Cordage and Bagging, etc. In the stock of Groceries are Whiskey and Sugar by the barrel, and Coffee by the sack.—All of which will be sold on reasonable terms for cash, beef hides, beeswax, or cows and calves delivered at this place.

LEWIS L. VEEDER.

Villa de Austin, April 21, 1831. 10-3

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150 DOLLARS REWARD! Stop the runaways. Ranaway from the subscriber on the 15th inst. the following servants, viz:—

SAMPSON, aged about 24 or 25 years, a bright mulatto, about 5 feet 10 inches high, polite when spoken to by white men, plays the violin; took with him a blue coat, corderoy roundabout, three or four shirts, one of them striped gingham, the balance brown shirting, and a black fur hat.

JOE, aged 22, but believed to be more, black complection, about five feet eleven in. high, stout made, humble when spoken to; had with him a corderoy roundabout, and fine mixed cassinet trowsers, also one pair of faded blue trowsers and a cotton shirt.

BEN, age 22 years, of black complexion about 5 feet 9 inches high; took with him one black and one white fur hat, corderoy roundabout, one pair of trowsers of dark cassimere, one pair of faded blue trowsers; likewise between them, they stole two pair of good old boots and one pair of new high quarter shoes.

The above reward will be paid for the delivery of the three negroes to me, or, if secured in the jail of Villa de Austin, or fifty dollars for each. JEREMIAH DWYER.

San Barnard, April 18, 1831. 10-3.

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150 PESOS se ofrecen, por tres servientes que fugaron del servicio del infrascripto su amo, el dia 15 del presente, las señias particulares son como sigue:—

SAMPSON, mulato claro, de 24 o 25 años, de edad cosa de 5 pies 10 pulgadas, medido Ynglés de altura, sabe tocar el violin y es muy politico quando le hablan los blancos; lleva un fraque de pana azul, chaqueta de pana listada, cuatro camisas, una de zaraza listada o guingam, las otros tres de manta.

JOE, de 22 años de edad o mas, color negro, de 5 pies 11 pulgadas o 6 pies de alto, cuerpo robusto, muy humilde quando se le habla; lleva una chaqueta de pana listada, pantalones de casimira y camisa de manta.

BEN, de 22 años de edad, color negro, 5 pies 9 pulgadas de alto; lleva dos sombreros de pelo, uno blanco y el otro negro, chaqueta de pana listada, pantalones de casimira color obscuro. Ademas entre ellos llevaran de su amo dos pares de botas media usadas, y un par de sapatos nuevos.

Se pagara la recompensa expresa por la entrega de ellos al Alcalde de este villa, o a su amo que vive sobre el arroyo San Bernardo, o cinquenta pesos por cada uno que se entrega. JEREMIAH DWYER.

18 de Abril 1831. 10-3

CASH will be given for Cows and Calves, and some stock Hogs delivered in San Felipe de Austin, for particulars enquire of

JAMES WHITESIDE.

April 24th. 1831. 10-3.

ENGLAND.

MR MATHEWS'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT, ENTITLED "THE SPRING MEETING."

Mr Mathews commences by telling us that he was all "aboard for an At Home." His object was to find a subject to which nobody could object. But this was no easy matter for a tenth "At Home;" he had outgrown his *Youthful Days*—had taken French leave of his *French acquaintances;* his *Trip to Paris* had been fairly tripped up—he had thrown away his *Memorandum Book*—he could no longer remember his *Reminiscences*—he had cut his *Country Cousins*, and got rid of his *Invitations.* Mr Mathews now, with inimitable drollery, imitates the voice, the face and manners of various persons who are prone to advice. What Sheridan calls "d—d good natured friends," or as Lloyd says—

"When foes insult, or pitying friends dispense
In counsels strains the worst of insolence."

In short, Mr Mathews is so pestered with advice, that he exclaims, "Talk not to me of the Society for the Suppression of *Vice.*—Would there were a Society for the Suppression of *ad*-vice." One friend takes him by the button, and says, "My good fellow, I am sure you have too much good sense to be annoyed at what I am going to say;" and then says something so annoying that neither good nor bad sense can stand it. Another friend gets him in the corner, and says with a most ludicrous gravity, "My dear friend, Mr Mathews, what I am going to say may be offensive to you, but I assure you, it arises solely from my having your interest so much at heart." A third begins, "I am sure, Sir, what I am going to say, though it may be disagreeable to you, is meant in the best of feeling." Mr Mathews most significantly winks at the audience, and says, "Well, come, I see you all understand what I mean"—laughter is irresistible. One of these good natured friends gave him a hint, and upon this hint he spoke. The friend says, "Now my good fellow, you can take a hint. You must know you are not quite so active as you used to be; in short, you are not the person you were.—Last year at Dury-lane you were but a *lame* actor." [Mr Mathews if is well known is lame.] "Why, zounds, you were the very person that advised me to quit the legitimate drama, and be "At Home." Mr Mathews now sings a very humorous song, in which he brings in an imitation of all the characters in his preceeding "At Homes." The effect is irresistible. "As I was reflecting on my plans I was interrupted by a soft rat-tat at the door—what publicans would call a mild tap—it was from Dr. Cullender, famous for his attention to lions' heads and to the heads of knockers—one of the faculty who recommends composure and repose, and rap their instructions on the street door by way of ratification. These doctor's don't like knocks on their own doors, at least if they are nocturnal. Dr. Cullender has a thousand contrivances, a thousand extravagancies—he is a medical Du Crow, riding five or six horses at once—he was physician, musician, optician, mathematician, chymist, machinist, cook, traveller, and a score of other things. This amiable, clever, and eccentric Dr. Cullender (alias Dr. Kitchener), enters with his right leg foremost, with an air of timidity, his arms hanging loosely, and his head rolling about like an independant member—"Aye, how are you—how are you—very yellow—curry in your face—quite yellow—bill wrong—if you wish to be a long liver you must take some of my peristaltic persuaders—some of my peptic pills. Do you eat Well?" "Yes." "Sleep well?" "Yes" "Eh! I'll do away with all that for you—recommend a jaunt—do you good—improve your optics—and your peptics—and raise your vocal faculties—must move—health is not local like Epping sausages. At this moment a knock is heard at the door, loud as the great gun of Killarney, with its parent report and little echoes Dr. Cullender: "What you call that—making a call? I call it making vinegar. Such thunder will turn all your small beer—it inflames me to be roused out of a reverie by a rapperee—but when should a man be hot, but when he's wrapt up."

Enter Rattle, an autobiographer—a recollector of what will be always sowing seeds for reminiscences—writing his life, not that he might live; but living that he might write. Rattle is desperate for a few anecdotes—"I've lived thirty years—not a line for my book." These gentlemen are joined by Mr Humanity Stubbs, nicknamed Cruelty Stubbs from his excessive sympathy for all living things. The fat Mr Humanity Stubbs never laughs, he only fancies he laughs when he thrice utters, "Ha! ha! ha!" The first from his throat, the second from the pit of his stomack, and the third from his whole body conjoined, not forgetting the action of his cheeks. He commences every speech by "I do say one thing, and I don't mean another, ha! ha! ha!" Here then is a party for a rubber, or to rub on a journey. They proceed to Newmarket. Dr. C. provides his two hundred travelling indispensables. A series of saucepans and a series of canisters, cases, cruets, pill-boxes, medicine cases, telescopes, writing apparatus, phosphorus boxes, his brandy in a bottle-jack, a blunderbus crammed with all things; and lastly, in dread of hydrophobia, two bludgeons with pikes at the end, No. 1 for large dogs, No. 2 for little. We must add, a bedstead done us as a walking-stick, and a portable fire range. "Holloo, Doctor, what in the name of goodness have you got on an oil-skin gown for?" "The best thing in the world, I always sleep in them travelling. Never sleep in fine sheets, they'll prove your winding sheets; you might as well sleep in a swampy meadow, with the moon for your warming pan." The party now proceeds to Tottenham-court-road (an odd way, by the by, to Newmarket), and the Doctor laments that Mr MacAdam's stoney-hearted flints are not converted to Stoney-batter. Nothing could be more ludicrous than Mr Mathews' description of the tour, conversing amidst the excessive jolting of the coach. At the end of the road, Stubbs, whose heart is like a Cheshire meadow overflowed by the *Mersy*, suddenly exclaims, "Stop, stop, I must get out—I will get out." The occasion is, some drover beating a squatting bullock about the horns. Stubbs attempts to address the mob, and Mr Mathews imitates the cries of a score of persons, some wishing to hear, and some to interrupt the orator—Stubbs, at last, is heard, and he concludes his harangue by "I must say one thing, and I don't mean another. It was most cruel, inhuman, brutal, beastly, and unmanly to strike an animal over the horns—Ladies and Gentlemen, how would you like it yourselves." The bull, however, nearly tosses the orator, and, when safe in the coach, Rattle, quizzing him, asks whether the animal had more spite or gratitude towards his benefactor. Stubbs "I must say one thing, and I don't mean another, it was nearly a *toss up* between us."—Dr. C. goes to sleep like a pelican, with his beak upon his bosom; when he finds a little terrier in the coach, he seizes bludgeon No. 2, and strives to strike the animal. Stubbs interferes, and a ludicrous contest takes place between them, and Stubbs says, "Doctor, Doctor, I'm astonished, recollect what our immortal bard says, 'That a parish beadle feels as much as the giant Gog or Magog.'" Dr. C—: "I don't care, the terrier shant tarry here; I will get out." The Doctor gets out backwards, pointing his bludgeon No. 2, at the terrier in Stubb's arms. Just as he puts foot to the ground, a whole pack of fox-hounds are passing at full cry,—"I will get in; for God's sake let me in! I'll not die in this manner; hydrophobia is a terrible death." "Pshaw, Doctor, they won't eat you."—"I have my peristaltic persuaders in my pocket; they'll persuade them to eat any thing."—"They are only fox-hounds."—"Worse still—let me in, I have some cold goose in my pocket." The dogs do fall foul of the Doctor's savoury pocket, but he is rescued and brought into the stage. At Hackerel, the White Heart is kept by Bob Merrington, an actor of taste, who used to act in the Spoiled Child, and in No Song no supper, because, in the first he had to eat a chicken, and in the last, a leg of lamb. Bob keeps up his stage phraseology—his boots he calls his socks and buskin, his [illegible] prompter. He has his green-room, [illegible] boxes, etc. etc. Mr Mathews bespeaks an entertainment of good eatables. A old [illegible] for the arrival of the London papers, and a member [illegible] well. Mr Merrington [illegible] delay. Mr Mathews—"There's been a sharp debate in the House, and the papers will be late to-night." Bob—"Then there'll be a sharp debate in my house to-night." Mr Mathews—"Newspapers, Bob, are pabulum of life—they contain every thing: Marriages for maids, christenings for married ladies, deaths for undertakers, accidents for doctors, trials for lawyers, cutting-up for butchers, and amusements for every body." We have now a good song respecting newspapers, and afterwards a debate in the Reading Club, in which Mr Mathews's versatility is truly excellent—"Waiter, where's the *Sun?*"—"The Sun is never out, Sir, until night." "The *Morning* Journal, then."—"We get that in the evening, Sir." "Who's got the *Star!*"—"Never comes here till noon." "Waiter, give me the *Globe.*"—"Mr Snowkes has set fire to the Globe" "When that *Traveller* has run round the room, I'll thank you for it."—"Waiter, is there such a paper now as the *Independent Whig?*"—"That gentleman with the bald head has got it, Sir." "Give me a *Statesman.*"—"The Statesman is lost, Sir." "Go, then, and buy another; there are plenty to be bought." "Waiter, there is a mistake in my bill." "Waiter, we want an *Examiner.*" "What a greasy Englishman this is!" "When Mr Snip, the tailor, will set the *British Press* at liberty, I'll thank him for it." Snip—"I was only looking if the Government were going to take any new measures." "Mr Hopkins your death was in the paper the other day." Hopkins—"I'm very glad to hear it." "Poor Tomkins is in the Gazette." "I'm now come to the end of the Gazette, and I don't see his name." "That's the Literary Gazette; you'll never see his name there." A Doctor is now to read the paper *pro bono publico.* "I never read any thing but accidents and offences; one good accident is worth twenty leading articles." "Mr Boxall, the undertaker will read" "Don't let him; he reads nothing but deaths."—Mr Parchment (an Attorney)—"Gentlemen, I'll read. Watkins v. Wilkins.—This was an action"—"Stop, stop, that's professional again." At last the Doctor reads his accidents. "During the dreadful storm, last Thursday, a lamplighter, lighting one of the gas lamps on Holborn-hill, was blown off his ladder, and carried to the amazing distance of Hatton-Garden. He fell at the door of No. 60, where Macassar Oil continues to be sold."—Trowing the paper down in a passion.—"Pshaw! A Puff—a vile puff—of all things I hate a puff—I was never taken in so before, and never, never, will be again."—"Portugal—Ah! this is something interesting no doubt (reads)—We are credibly informed, that Don Miguel, owing to the spirited interference of our Cabinet, and the advice of his Council, and particularly of the Queen Dowager has publicly announced his determination never to use any thing else but Day and Martin's real Japan Blacking." The enraged Doctor, again caught, vows he will not read another word and the paper is given to Mr Fowler, a dull matter-of-fact man, who never sees any thing good in a joke. Mr Fowler, in his bass voice begins to read (cross-readings), "During the dreadful thunder storm of Sunday night, the electric fluid entered the out-premises of Mr Wilkins, at Reading, and did considerable damage—not withstanding a large reward, and instant pursuit being made, we are sorry to say the villain has escaped from apprehension." Mr Fowler: "Surprising!" Reads again—"On Tuesday, at Covent-garden, a young gentleman sustained the arduous character of Hamlet, and performed the task in fifteen minutes with ease." "I don't believe a word of it—impossible." Reads again—"Lost, on Wednesday, a beautiful small French lap-dog, answering to the name of Pompey—if he will return to his disconsolate parents, he will be joyfully received, and his conduct forgotten"—"Shocking!" Reads again—"Yesterday at the Parish Church of St. Bride, Fleet-street, Thomas Morgan was married to Sarah Jenkins. The unhappy youth behaved with the greatest firmness during the awful ceremony, and received the consolations of religion with resignation.—He was a fine young man, aged twenty-five, and except in this instance, had never been known to misconduct himself." This with a cross-reading of Warren's Blacking being a beautiful wash for the arms and neck, concludes the merry scene of the Newspaper Club.—*London paper.*

Something New.—We are always grateful for information. The following is from the London Globe:

"In the legislative assemblies of the United States, a bell rings for dinner at five o'clock; and the House, whoever may be speaking, are said to be cleared in a moment. The scene thus exhibited resembles that in one of Foote's farces, where it is announced to a host of starving authors that 'the milk porridge is ready.'"

We beg leave to inform the Globe, that the system has been entirely changed since it was made acquainted with the above fact. At present, when the hour of five arrives, the serjeant-at-arms enters the House on horseback, and blows Yankee Doodle thro' a tin horn, a gag is immediately fastened on the mouth of him who occupies the floor, by the crier of Congress. The Speaker serves a mint julap all round, and the members are mached out in regular order, to the tune of

"O'Rourko's noble fare will be never forgot,
By those who were there, and those who were not."

"Shepherd," said a sentimental young lady, (who fancied herself a heroine in the golden groves of Arcadia,) "shepherd," said she, to a rustic who was tending sheep, "why have you not got your pipe with you?" "Bekase, ma'am, I ha'nt gotten no baccky."

Fossil Bones.—One of the largest stories we have seen is the following, respecting the skeleton of an animal 'discovered about four weeks since at the Big-Bone Lick, Kentucky.' Let those who can, give it credit.

'There are ten or twelve sets of tusks, from 4 to 12 feet long; the claws are four feet long and three feet broad; the tusks are arranged in a circular order, as if by the hands of man; within the circle the bones are deposited, which when placed together, shewed the animal to have been at least 25 feet high, and 60 feet long. The skull bone alone weighed 400 pounds. They were found about 14 feet below the surface of the earth. The skeleton is said to be complete, saving only one or two ribs.'

Extraordinary speed of a Steam Carriage.—In the London Globe and traveller of the 14th of Oct. is the following article taken from the Taunton Courier.

Unparralleled Steam Engine Trip.—Mr. Stephensen, the proprietor of the Racket Engine, on the manchester and Liverpool Rail way, had this week decided in his favor a wager of *one thousand guineas* upon the speed of his Engine by traversing the two towns (*thirty-two miles*) in THIRTY-THREE MINUTES—[or in other words, at more than *fifty-eight* miles per hour.]

A Boston editor, speaking of a new paper, of unreasonably and inconveniently large dimensions, says—"It is well calculated for boarding houses and large families, as a dozen persons may read it without incommoding each other.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS fowarded to the office of the "Mexican Citizen," for publication *must* be paid in advance, otherwise they will not be inserted.
Austin, April 14th, 1831.

CLOTHING.—Received per sch'r Spica, a large and extensive assortment of frock and dress coats, pantaloons, vests, etc. of superior quality and workmanship, from the house of Burk & Watson, New-York—well worthy the atention of cash customers.
EDWARD ROBERTSON.
Brazoria, April 9, 1831. 9-3t

NOTICE.—My friends in Texas, will please when advising their correspondents to direct their letters to my care, to be very particular in requesting them to pay the postage, as I will not receive them from the office unless the postage has been paid.
J. W. COLLINS.
New-Orleans, March 27, 1831. 9-6

TO BLACKSMITHS.—For sale or rent, the Shop and Tools, together with a complete set of *Gunsmith's Tools,* now occupied by Jabez Barney—it is one of the best situations for a smithery in the Colony.—For further particulars, enquire of
THOMAS DAVIS.
Villa de Austin, April 14, 1831. 9-3

BEING under the necessity of going to New-Orleans on business, I have appointed my brother J. Scanlan, my agent during my absence, who is fully authorised to transact business for and in my name.
MICHAEL SCANLAN.
P. S. For sale as above, an invaluable Specific for the Ague and Fever.
Villa de Austin, April 14, 1831. 9-3

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to me by note or account, are requested to make payment to Messrs Perry & Hunter, who are fully authorised to give receipts in my name.
JOSHUA FLETCHER.
Villa de Austin, April 14, 1831. 9-3t

ENTERTAINMENT at Brazoria.—The subscriber has opened a boarding-house and pledges himself that his table and beds shall be as good as the country will afford. He is also making arrangements for receiving horses and supplying them with corn and provender. WM. T. AUSTIN.
Brazoria, Feb. 25, 1831. 4-6t

CHEAP GOODS.—Superfine high and low crown Hats, coarse and fine Boots and Shoes, summer and winter Cloathing, Assorted Dry Goods, Groceries, Cutlery, School Books, old Rye Whiskey by the barrell, etc. etc. for sale LOW FOR CASH ONLY.
San Felipe, April 7. 8-4 M'QUEEN.

DR'S. PEEBLES & MILLER have just received a general assortment of Fresh Medicines.
Villa de Austin, March 31. 7tf.

FOR SALE.—*A League of Land,* situated on the East side of the Brazos river, precisely at the head of tide. For terms apply to R. M. WILLIAMSON.

PRINTING of every description executed with neatness, accuracy, and despatch at the office of the Citizen.